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No. 62.

## THE SILENT LYRE.

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

A wall sounds through the "Poet-realm,"  
The Goddess chants, with drooping head,  
A requiem; for one who bowed  
And worshipped at her shrine is dead.  
Oh, speak not words, chide each thought;  
And stilled be every trembling wire;  
In memory of a sister gone—  
In memory of that silent lyre.  
Oh, plant the sacred Asphodel  
Above the spot where Alice lies;  
And let the sweet "Forget-me-not" upturn  
Upturn its purple to the skies.  
And speak not words, chide each thought;  
Oh, who minded the radiant throng,  
On heavenly lyres, with skillful touch  
Wakes the soul-stirring "triumph-song."  
Death robed the casket of its worth,  
And paled the luster of the gem;  
Reset, it glows with quenchless light  
Within the Savior's diadem.  
Earth's purest, and holiest, and starriest—  
Heaven's purest, soul, whose living fire  
Is now supernal; a memory ours—  
Our talisman, the silent lyre.

## In the Web:

### THE GIRL-WIFE'S TRIALS.

A HEART AND LIFE ROMANCE OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

BY EDWIN SOUTH.

#### CHAPTER IV.

There was a flash of lights, and the sweet music of woman's laughter, in the Davenant mansion; and the hurry of dancing feet, and the melody of harp and violin. Polite servants of every shade, from yellow to ebony, in the daintiest of white aprons and jackets, bowed and smiled a welcome to a legion of aristocratic guests, and still the carriages rolled up to the broad colonnade, and still beautiful women whisked noisy silks and stiff brocades in through the open doorway, and tall men in starch and broad-cloth served as foil to all this gorgeous display.

In the largest of the two reception-rooms, which were thronged with gallantry and beauty, stood Blanche Davenant. She was a girl a little above the medium height, with eyes of the softest, tenderest blue, and skin white as a falling snow-flake. Rather slender, she was yet rounded in the full bloom of young womanhood, and the heavy coils of golden hair, wrapped in a coronet of exquisite grace about her well-poised head, gave her whole person a queenly bearing.

A long, flowing robe of sky-blue silk, with only a single diamond at her throat, enhanced her appearance not a little, and perhaps increased the admiration which was almost general.

Her father stood by her side, and welcomed his and his daughter's friends as they arrived, with that grace which is almost habitual to the cultivated Southern gentleman.

"Who is that, papa, just entering? Look—there!"

Blanche had only time to make this remark, and her parent had not time to answer, when a handsome man, and the subject of the remark, stepped briskly forward and bowed to Colonel Davenant.

"My daughter, Major Cecil," said Colonel Davenant.

Major Cecil's brown eyes were full of admiration as he said, in a playful way:

"I am sincerely glad to renew an acquaintance which seems so much a part of that past which was so very pleasant to me."

Blanche looked up surprised, and colored a little, and then her father, seeing her embarrassment, said:

"Blanche, dear, don't you remember Major Cecil, whom we met in Florence, ten years ago, and who carried you through the excavation at Pompeii, and was so very attractive to you at Pompeii?"

Blanche did remember, but it was only faintly, for she was a child of eight then, and the memory was only like the rhythm of a half-forgotten poem—sweet and dreamy, like Italy itself.

"Yes, I think I remember Major Cecil," she said, smiling, "though I've always thought of him as Captain Cecil."

"Only a captain when we were companions abroad," replied Cecil; "but promotion, as well as years, followed that trip."

They went off together, she leaning upon his arm; wandering through the festive throng, she happy, and he very proud.

As they passed out of one of the open windows, through the frostwork of the lace, and into the garden, Major Cecil said, earnestly:

"Where has my little friend spent all those years, since last we met? At school or in the nursery?"

"I hope I've outgrown the last, and have a year or two, at least, 'between me and the first,'" replied Blanche, banteringly. "You must know, major, I'm a woman now—a responsible, full-grown person!"

There was something sad in his voice as he said: "Ah! true; it's a great many years; I had almost forgotten that!"

After a pause, he added: "Have you thought—ever, I mean—of me in all this time?"

"Of course, major, a great deal. I used to tell the girls at school about my soldier lover. You must pardon me for this, but, you know, *lover* is not a very meaning word for school-girls understand it."

"And I?" said Cecil, almost passionately, "have thought more about my little tourist than I would like to tell, even to herself."

This sounded very much like love-making, Blanche thought; and remembering her



"If you do this—if you make even an attempt to do this—I'll strangle you!"

promise to become Mark Blanchard's wife, she trembled with a new fear. What if she did not love Mark? She did not know, for a certainty, that she did, and now she felt, for the first time since her betrothal, how very easy it would be to love some one else!

Her courtship had had precious little romance in it; it was wholly unlike what she had imagined courtships to be, and was not very unlike a business contract void of any thing like ennobling sentiment. Yet still she was a promised wife; and, understanding her duty, she said, promptly:

"Major Cecil, we had better go in, I think, or I will be false to my position of hostess."

"I hadn't thought of that," he replied. "Yes, let's go."

As they entered the drawing-room, Mark came forward, and said, rather pettishly: "I've been looking for you, Blanche, and I couldn't think where you had gone."

"We were only in the garden," answered Blanche. "This is Major Cecil, Mark—an old friend of the family."

Mark bowed distantly, and after the exchange of a few commonplaces, led his affianced off to join a quadrille just forming.

During the evening Cecil paid marked attention to the little hostess, but left early, promising to call in a day or two at the furthest.

"I don't like that man," said Mark, as soon as the major was gone.

"Why?" asked Blanche, looking up, surprised. "He is an old and valued friend of the family."

"Tush! I hate old friends! There is always deceit and mischief in them." He was scowling now, and Blanche thought him—for the first time in her life—exceedingly repulsive.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

After the departure of Mark Blanchard from Silas Norman's room, on the night on which our story opens, the girl who answered to the name of Mangy returned to

the apartment which she had left, on Mark's entrance.

She walked directly to the sofa on which her father lay, and, folding her arms across her breast, looked sternly down upon him.

"Well, Mangy! what's up now?" he said, rising to a sitting posture.

She didn't answer at once, but when she did speak, it was bitterly, and her words were:

"Silas Norman, can it be possible you will lend yourself to the aid of a villain, such as that fellow who has just left here?"

"Why, Mangy, what are you talking about? That fellow, as you call him, is a gentleman. He's worth his cool million, if he is worth a cent."

"We're as rich as Cresus, he would be nothing but a low, sneaking, contemptible villain."

"That's rough language, Miss Magdalene Norman, to one of your father's best friends," replied the man, looking carelessly up at her.

"No, Silas Norman; bad as you are—bad as we both are—we are not on a level with that fellow. We need money, but not his—

we are not so low as that yet!"

The man's face was growing scarlet as he spoke. "It is an ugly job, Mangy, but, you know we can't be always particular. For that matter, the fellow can't help himself very well. His precious old uncle is forcing him to do it."

"Forcing him to leave his poor wife—an unfortunate wretch, whose only crime is loving such a scoundrel as Mark Blanchard!"

What do you think will become of this poor woman when she wakes up in a foreign land to the realization of her true position—the deserted wife of a mean, low creature, who has not the heart to perpetrate a brave crime?"

"Why, Mangy, you talk like a stage-player, but you had better have a care that you do not act. You must not attempt to dictate to me."

He said this sternly, and looked hard at

her. She didn't tremble, however, nor shrink, but glared back at him, saying:

"I have made up my mind what to do."

"And what is that?"

"You'll see."

"I will—will I?"

"Yes, you will."

He closed one of his eyes, and lifting the index finger of his right hand, he said, slowly, as if measuring the importance of every word:

"Now, my lady, I'm getting tired of this hifalutin business, and I want you to understand this distinctly, that, if you interfere in this affair, in opposition to my plans, I'll kill you! Do you understand that?"

"Yes, I understand; but, I don't care if you kill me now."

"You don't, eh?"

"No, I don't! What, in Heaven's name, have I to live for? The child of God knows whom; the associate of gamblers and thieves; with just enough education to understand the social depths that I have reached; my days spent in idleness, my nights in remorse; with such an existence, I don't think it would be hard to part, at any time."

He eyed her an instant in silence; then he arose to his feet, and catching her by the arm tightly, stared into her eyes as if he would read what lay beyond their beauty.

Although he said: "What do you mean by this bravado?"

"I mean to find out, from some source,

where this unfortunate wife is, and, having done that, I'll tell her every thing about this conspiracy."

The man was startled. In all his experience, he had never been openly defied by her before. He knew she had a will that was hard to defeat, but he now determined to break that imperious will, at whatever cost.

"If you do this—if you make even an attempt to do this, I'll strangle you!"

His fingers were working as if eager to bury themselves in her throat, but, Magdalene Norman flinched not, as she doggedly replied:

"I don't care!"  
"Don't say that again!" He was breathing heavily now.

"I will!"

"Don't do it, I say!"

"Why don't you kill me?"

"Have a care, or I may."

"I wish you would."

"You do? Then I'll kill you, or I'll take this stubbornness out of you."

He clutched her by the throat, frantic with rage.

"Do you give in?"

She could not speak. Her breath only came faintly; his fingers were sinking deeper and deeper into her soft, round throat, but she had power to shake her head negatively, and she did so.

"Curse you. I'll conquer you," he hissed, and then pressed his fingers tighter.

Her form began to stiffen; her weight fell upon his arm, and, letting go his hold upon her, she sunk in a heap to the floor.

"My God! I've killed her!" he exclaimed.

"What is to become of me?"

"It don't make much difference what becomes of a brute like you," said a voice close to his side, and, lifting his eyes, he stood face to face with a young man fashionably, if not neatly, attired, who seemed to sparkle with flashy clothing and cheap jewelry.

"Is that you, Turner?" asked Silas, excitedly.

"I should say it was, and just in time to make a rum old witness for the Commonwealth. Oh, won't you have a good time before Martamat, in the morning?"

Silas dropped on his knees and stared into Mangy's face. There was a flush in it yet, and her heart was still beating.

"She's not dead!" exclaimed Silas, exultingly. "She's not dead!"

"But sleepeth, eh?" put in Turner, lifting her head upon his knee, and smoothing with a gentle touch, her dark hair back from her forehead.

"What did you do this for, Norman?"

"Well, she wouldn't mind me, and threatened to blow upon a friend of mine."

"Was that all?"

"All—was it not enough?"

"Well, look here, my pious friend," said Turner, determinedly; "it's well for you that gal ain't dead, or skin me if I wouldn't make daylight shine through you." As he spoke he touched significantly the handle of a revolver that peeped out of the breast pocket of his coat, and ground his teeth together as if he would make powder of them.

"Are you crazy, too?" ejaculated Norman.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, now, look here, old Missouri; you can't come the parental dodge on me. I'm sev-eral years too aged for that."

Silas quailed at the mention of Missouri, and said, very meekly:

"There, Turner, we won't quarrel. Why should you want to interfere with me?"

"I don't. But I love that gal there—that is if I know the meaning of the word—and I'm going to stand by her."

"Oh, Brad Turner! Save me! save me!" cried Mangy, opening her eyes and recognizing the face above her.

"Yes, Magdalene; I'll stand by you," replied Turner.

"You'll forgive me, Mangy; I was crazy."

"I'm so sorry—I'll be better to you. I'll—"

"You won't get a chance," put in Turner. "Magdalene Norman is under my care now, seeing as she asked me to save her, and I am going to do it."

Silas Norman's face grew livid, and he clenched his fist and advanced threateningly.

"Don't have me to shed blood, Silas," said Turner, putting his hand again on the revolver. "Come, Mangy, I'll get you a better—at least a kinder home than this."

The girl arose and clung to Turner's arm.

Notwithstanding her defiant conduct, she was afraid of the man whom she had learned to call father, although she had always entertained great doubts as to this relationship.

"Let's go, Brad! Oh, do let us go."

Turner said: "Silas, when you learn to treat the gal better I'll bring her back."

"Mangy, are you going to leave your father in this way?" pleaded Norman.

As he approached "The Polka," he glanced around as if to see if any of his respectable friends were in sight. Satisfying himself that he was unobserved, he pushed back the swinging green-baize door, and entered.

On either side of the long room tables were ranged, around which were collected knots of men, some betting a picayune on "chuck-a-luck," and others wagering a shilling eagle or crisp greenback on "Roulette."

Mark did not stop here, but pushing his way through the throng, he ascended to the second floor, where a bland, oily gentleman named Cypher, was dealing faro.

"Cypher, did you see Norman, to-night?" whispered Mark.

"No; but he left this note for you."

Mark took the note offered him. It was enveloped in a buff piece of paper. On opening it he found the following, scrawled in an unsteady hand:

"Will meet you at midnight in front of the Jackson Statue, in Jackson Square."

"Faithfully, NORMAN."

"He did not say why he could not meet me here, did he?" asked Mark, after reading.

"No; but I suppose he knows his biz."

"I guess so," Mark replied, and then turning, he walked down the stairs and into the street.

At the Custom House he took a street car, just starting for the Barracks.

The night was very dark, and the vehicle had reached the French Market before he discovered that he had passed the place of rendezvous.

Leaping from the car he began to walk briskly toward the square, when, all at once, he thought he heard footsteps behind him which seemed to be dogging him.

He paused and looked behind him. Nothing was to be seen; however, but the shipping on the one hand, and the low, dingy old market on the other.

On he went again; once more he thought he detected footsteps behind him.

This time he stepped into the dark doorway of a tall house, and waited.

He had just done so when a dark-hooded woman came creeping along, as if she was searching for somebody.

Mark could not see her face, but he felt sure, judging from her awkward gait and stooped shoulders, that she was an old woman.

If she saw him she gave no sign, but hurried on, turning at length, into a dark alley-way, a short distance ahead.

"If she is watching me," said Mark, to himself, "I have thrown her off the scent."

In a few moments more he had entered the Square from the levee, and found Silas Norman seated on a rustic seat immediately in front of the great bronze hero of Chalmette.

"Is that you, Blanchard?" asked Silas, peering up through the darkness.

"Yes, of course; but what, in the name of old Jackson, brought you here? Why did you not meet me at the Polka?"

"Well, it's a long story," answered Silas, "I have had a devil of a time with Turner, since, and Mandy has left me, and I'm afraid these two mean mischief."

"I'm afraid you've made a great bungle of this matter," said Mark, curtly. "What's the nature of this trouble? I trust you have had sense enough not to let Turner into our secret until you had first satisfied yourself of his loyalty."

"Well, now, Mister Blanchard, you need not attempt the blunt game with such a slim hand," replied Silas, rising. "I don't relish sauce, sir. I would have you remember that, too!"

"I did not give you any sauce," answered Mark, humbly. "I only asked you a simple question in a civil way."

"Well, then, I'll answer you civilly," returned Norman. "They suspect, but they don't know nothing."

"And our plans are sure?" asked Mark, eagerly.

"As fate."

"Good. Have you found a man to take Lillie away?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-night, if you wish."

"Well, then, let's go at once. I feel very uneasy while she is here. I think the sooner she is taken off the better. To tell you the truth, Silas, I'm frightened lest this thing should leak out."

"I guess there's no danger; but come, Pedro may escape us."

"Who is Pedro?"

"The young man I spoke of."

"He is a Spaniard, is he not?" said Mark, as he followed his companion.

"Yes."

"Can he be trusted, do you think?"

"Unto death. You need not fear Pedro Mendo."

The worthies left the square by the gate in front of the Cathedral of St. Louis, and, as they did so, a dark figure glided from behind the statue and disappeared in the direction of the market-place.

It was just one o'clock when Silas Norman and Mark Blanchard stopped in front of a low, dingy, one-story dwelling on Spain street. It was one of those structures which must have been erected in the previous century, for the one large front-window had diamond-shaped panes, and the sloping roof of tiles was slimy with clinging moss.

Norman stepped briskly up to the door, and rapped twice; then, after a moment's pause, called out:

"Pedro Mendo! I say, Pedro!"

The window swung back, and a frowny-looking head was pushed into the street.

"Is that you, Silas?"

"Yes!" replied Norman.

The head disappeared in a twinkling, and the next instant the door was opened, and the two men entered.

The apartment in which Mark found himself, was scantily furnished, but, whatever articles it did contain, were antique and of Spanish manufacture. A heavy bronze chandelier stood on a black table in the center of the room, and shed a feeble light upon the trio as they seated themselves around the board.

"This, Pedro, is the gentleman who wishes to employ you. He has come here to give you instructions as to your mission," said Norman, by way of introduction.

"I'm glad to meet you, señor," said Pedro, rising and extending his yellow hand familiarly to Mark.

The latter did not take the proffered hand, but simply said: "Pedro, if you do this job nicely, you shall have a thousand dollars. That's worth working for."

"Yes, better than smuggling at the Passes. When do you want me to sail?"

"The gentleman thinks you had better start at once—say to-morrow evening," re-

plied Norman, speaking as if the query had been propounded to him.

"Yes, I think you can start to-morrow. I originally stipulated a fortnight between taking my leave and sending for her, but things have been falling out so, that the sooner we get her out of Louisiana the safer for all concerned," chimed in Mark.

Pedro quite agreed with him.

"And you had better fix yourself up; and remember, look and act like a Mexican," added Norman.

"Trust Pedro Mendo for that," replied the Spaniard. "But, now, as to orders: what am I to do?"

"Take this letter," and here Mark took a letter from the breast-pocket of his coat, and gave it to Pedro, "and give it to Tillie, whom you will find in the third house east of Algiers, and directly in front of that great Bremen steamship, a little back from the river in the cane-field."

"Yes," Pedro said, and nodded his head.

"You are to tell her that you left me at Galveston, and that I will wait for you at Vera Cruz. This letter will explain the rest."

"And when I reach Vera Cruz, what am I to do then?" asked Pedro.

"You are to secure for her comfortable quarters," replied Mark, "and then inform her that I have been killed in a duel."

"Will she believe me?"

"Of course she will," said Norman. "If she doubts, you can have a tombstone put up in the graveyard of San Jacinto, sacred to the memory of Mark Blanchard."

"A capital idea!" exclaimed Mark; "do that by all means."

All three smiled approvingly, and the plot satisfied the plotters.

"Have you a wife, Pedro?" asked Mark, after a pause.

"No."

"Who keeps house for you?"

"Mamma Guy, an old woman, who mends nets for a living. I'm only a lodger."

"Where is she now?"

"Asleep."

"Sound?"

"As a bug."

"Well, then, Pedro, I expect you to start to-morrow evening; and here is your traveling expenses."

Mark counted out two hundred dollars, which Pedro rolled up into a wad and pocketed with some satisfaction.

"If ever you want to write to me," said Mark, "direct your letter to our friend Silas, here."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 61.)

## The Winged Whale: OR, THE MYSTERY OF RED RUPERT.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.  
AUTHOR OF "SCARLET HAND," "HEART OF FIRE,"  
"WOLF DEMON," ETC.

### CHAPTER XVI.

THE DUEL.

"YOUR youth saves you from my sword,"

Rupert said, calmly. "It is the life of this

treacherous Spaniard, Estevan, that I wish,

though I am willing to fight all his friends,

one by one. I would not deny you the

pleasure that you seek, but should you fall

by my hand, all would call me a murderer.

I can not, as a man of honor, take advantage of your folly."

"All right," returned Pedro.

The three men now arose, and, after bidding the Spaniard adieu, Norman and Mark stepped into the night, and bent their steps toward Canal street.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 61.)

"For Heaven's sake, cease this folly!" he cried, imploringly.

"Never, until he or I have fallen! Do not try to move me from my resolution. I am as fixed as yonder giant tree!" cried the youth, impulsively.

"I say, cap'n, he's rather behind the lighter; he didn't even scratch you," Andrews said, with a dry chuckle.

"No; but the boy is an excellent swordsman, though," Rupert replied, thoughtfully.

"Were his wrist as strong as mine, one or two of his thrusters would surely have gone home. His attack called into play all that I know of the sword. There is more danger in this fiery youth than I guessed. If my foot should happen to slip, my account with this world would be settled."

"For your own safety, Rupert, I advise you to wound this hot-headed boy. The sight of blood may cool his courage," Garcia said, seriously.

"Yes, do it, cap'n!" cried Andrews.

"Darnation! he may tickle you with that toad-sticker of his'n, if you ain't careful. You haven't tried to wound him yet."

"No; I have acted entirely on the defensive. But it is time to change my tactics. I did not wish to hurt him; but now I see that it is necessary for my own safety to let out some of his hot blood," Rupert said, slowly.

"Come on again, señor!" cried the youth, advancing, sword in hand.

Rupert obeyed the mandate, but hardly

had he crossed swords with his opponent,

when the youth began a series of terrific

thrusts. Borne back by the vigor of the attack, for the first time Rupert gave way.

With renewed energy the striping pressed his advantage. The point of the rapier

slipping under the guard of the sailor entered his side.

Rupert felt the hot sting of the steel. A

cry of rage came from his lips. With a de-

sperate effort he broke through the guard of

his foe and lunged straight at his heart. The

youth avoided the deadly stroke by nimly

springing backward. Before Rupert could

recover from the disadvantage caused by

the force of the thrust, which had placed

him out of distance, the striping, quick to

improve the opportunity, with another

deftly-given stroke pierced the sailor in

his shoulder.

Angered by the smart of the two wounds,

although both were but scratches, Rupert

attacked the youth furiously. The steel

clashed as the shining blades twined around

each other. The youth, overpowered by the

force of the attack, gave ground. The sailor

followed him up closely. Thrust followed

thrust in quick succession. Again the steel

of the striping tore through the shoulder of

Rupert. But the slight triumph cost the

striping dear, for the next moment the

strong arm of the sailor sent the light blade

of the youth whirling in the air, and the

same arm was drawn back to give the death-

blow.

With glaring eyes and compressed lips, no

look of fear on his face, the striping await-

ed the thrust that would bring death with it.

A moment Rupert held the blade of the

rapier poised in the air, the life of the youth at his mercy. Then a strange look swept

over his dark face.

"Boy!" he cried, "for the sake of the

## CHAPTER XVIII.

ANOTHER MYSTERY.

The strange words of the father filled Estevan's mind with amazement.

"Why, father?" he said, in wonder, "I do not understand."

"And I can not explain—or at least not now. At some future time, perhaps, I can tell you all," the commandante said, slowly; "but now, my son, promise me that you will not raise your hand against this man."

Estevan gazed at his father's face. He saw that he was thoroughly in earnest.

"Well, since you wish it, I promise you that I will take no further steps to bring about a hostile meeting with this stranger."

"No further steps!" said the commandante, in wonder. "Have you already quarreled with him?"

"I noticed his attentions to Isabel on the night of the ball; a lover's eyes are keen to detect a rival. I sought him out and warned him not to tread longer in the path that he seemed inclined to pursue."

"And his answer?"

"Defied and laughed at me."

"The hot blood is in his veins too," the commandante inquired, sadly, to himself. Estevan did not catch the muttered words of his sire.

"But Isabel?"

"I will speak to her," the father said, slowly. "Oh, my son, remember your promise—not to seek this darkened stranger with hostile thoughts. No greater calamity can befall me in this world than his death by your hand or your death by his."

"You speak in riddles, father," Estevan exclaimed, in amazement, at a loss to guess the reason of this strange agitation that his father betrayed so plainly.

"The day may come when I can tell you all; tell you of my crime, committed long years ago, for which, seemingly, fate reserves a heavy retribution. But, at present, I am groping in the dark; yet I trust that before the morning light shall come, all will be as clear as noonday to me. Do not press me to explain, for I can not do so at present."

Slowly the commandante walked away, his eyes bent upon the ground. Estevan remained transfixed with wonder.

"In Satan's name! what folly is this?" the Spanish captain cried, impatiently. "Spare the life of this man! Sooner would I spare the venomous snake coiled in my way with head raised to strike. No, if there be virtue in gold and steel, he dies. What can have produced this fantasy that thus fills the mind of my father with such strange conceits? By my sword! it is wonderful! In all my life I never knew him to give way to such thoughts. I'll meet the American, though, despite of all the promises in the world. Kill him, if I can, though a thousand demons stand beside me and cried hold!"

The firm-set lips and the look of stern determination upon the face of the Spanish captain, gave ample proof that he intended to keep—not the promise that he had given to his father—but the oath in which he had compassed the death of his foe.

Estevan descended from the veranda and walked slowly in the direction of his quarters. His mind was busy in thought.

"I must keep close watch upon Isabel," he muttered. "Now that her lover is so near at hand, she will be apt to yield to the temptation of stealing forth by night, covered from observation by the darkness, to meet him. I'll sound some trusty fellows of my company, and it is likely that the lovers will have an event in their walls that they little dream of. Then in the obscurity of some dark corner, a sudden dash, a keen sword-thrust, and the career of my rival is ended."

And thus darkly musing, the young Spaniard held on his way.

We will return to the little group that stood in the forest glade.

Baptiste beheld the senseless form of the strangled fall to the earth, with a cry of horror.

With the quickness of thought, the Frenchman drew from its sheath the long rapier that dangled at his side.

"Cursed American, take your death from my hand!" and, even with the words, he darted forward and lunged full at the unprotected breast of Rupert. But, it was not fated that the American was to fall that night in the forest glade, for, in his haste, Baptiste tripped, and the blade of the rapier passed through the loose white shirt of the American, just grazing his side.

With a cry of rage at the treacherous attack, Rupert grasped the Frenchman in his muscular arms, raised him from the ground and cast him headlong to the earth.

Baptiste struck with a dull thud on his face, and then rolled over on his side, stunned and bleeding.

"The cowardly skunk!" cried Andrews, who had dashed forward to assist his friend. Catching one of the rapiers from the ground, he put the point to the neck of the strangled. "Cap'n, I ought to let daylight right through him!" he exclaimed.

"Hold your hand, Andrews!" cried Rupert, in haste. "Do you not see that it is a woman?"

"A female! Oh, jumping jingo!" exclaimed Andrews, in dismay, dropping the rapier, as though the handle had suddenly become red-hot and had burnt his fingers, at the same time retreating a few paces from the prostrate figure.

"A woman!" and, Garcia, knelt by her side.

The broad-leaved hat had fallen off, and now that its shadow no longer covered the face, it was plain to all that they looked upon the features of a woman.

"Well, of all the mad spells that I ever did hear tell on!" Andrews muttered, in amazement, as he scratched his head, thoughtfully.

"I did not dream that she was a woman when I held her in my arms," Rupert said, slowly; "then, when I felt her perfumed breath upon my face, and felt the soft outlines of her form, that, with a grasp of steel, I held to my breast, the truth flashed suddenly upon me."

"This man probably knew the secret," Garcia remarked, referring to Baptiste, who still lay senseless on the sword, whence the strong arms of Rupert had cast him.

"Yes; and thinking I had killed his mistress, was the reason why he made that furious attack upon me."

"If he hadn't stumbled, cap'n, you would never have given another command on board the saucy brigantine," Andrews said.

"The old saying, a miss and a mile," Rupert replied, a smile upon his dark features.

"But, Andrews, look to yonder fellow, while I try to revive the girl."

Rupert knelt by the side of the senseless

maid, while Andrews strove to bring Baptiste back to consciousness.

Slowly the girl opened her eyes and gazed around her with a bewildered look. For a moment memory was a blank; then, suddenly, she remembered all.

"You are living!" she murmured, gazing into the dark face of Rupert as he bent over her.

"Yes, lady, I am living!" he replied, slowly.

A burning blush spread rapidly over the girl's face when the words of the sailor told her that her secret was discovered. She raised herself upon her elbow and covered her face with her hand.

Quietly Rupert rose from her side and retired a few paces. He judged rightly when he thought that the disguised maid would prefer to rise unaided.

Slowly the girl rose to her feet and passed her hand over her forehead with a bewildered air. Her system had not yet fully recovered from the effects of the terrible conflict that she had passed through.

At the same moment that the girl rose from the ground, Baptiste opened his eyes and gazed, with a scowl, into the weather-beaten face of the Yankee who bent over him.

Andrews noticed the scowl, and, with a look of mischief sparkling in his shrewd eyes, drew a heavy pistol from his bosom. He cocked the weapon and placed the cold muzzle against the temple of the prostrate man in a way that was extremely uncomfortable to that gentleman. Although Baptiste was as brave as a lion, he could not repress a shudder when he felt the pressure of the cold steel against his flesh and realized that a single motion of the Yankee's finger would scatter his brains in wild confusion.

"We're kinder got a little the best of this affair," Andrews said, coolly; "do you surrender?"

"Yes," muttered Baptiste, sulkenly.

Andrews removed a pistol that was stuck in the belt of the Frenchman, felt in his breast for concealed weapons, and finding none, permitted him to rise.

The girl uttered a cry of alarm when she looked upon the bruised face of Baptiste. The blood trickled slowly from the slight wounds he had received from his face coming in violent contact with the ground.

"You are hurt, Baptiste!" she said, in a tone of self-reproach. "Hurt, and for me, unworthy creature that I am!"

"Don't speak of it, Nanon," said Baptiste, a glow upon his face. "The bruises are fleabites. I'd go through fire and water to serve you." Then the Frenchman turned to Rupert, who stood, with folded arms, gazing upon the scene. "Senor, I attempted your life like a coward. I can only plead in excuse that I thought you had killed this girl, whom I love better than I do my own life. In my blind fury, I had but one thought, to avenge her death. My life is yours," and Baptiste bowed his head, humbly.

"I kneel to plead for that life!" cried Nanon—for it was indeed the French girl—and she cast herself at the feet of Rupert.

"Your request was granted, ere it was asked," the sailor replied, raising the maid from her knees.

"And my pardon?"

"Granted also, lady, although I can not guess why you should seek my life, a fortune to you!"

"I can not tell you," she said, in a low voice, and again the burning blush swept over her cheek.

The two turned to depart.

Andrews caught Baptiste by the arm as he passed by him.

"Say! what in thunder made the gal fight for the Spaniard?" he asked, in a whisper.

"She loves him," Baptiste replied, in low tones, a sigh coming from his lips.

The two passed on, and soon the shadows of the wood hid them from sight.

"And you love her, too," Andrews muttered, reflectively to himself, as he watched the twain depart.

Conversing upon the strange scene that had just transpired, the friends returned to the town. Rupert's wounds had been examined before they left the little glade and found to be only scratches, which a day's rest would cure.

The hour of midnight came. All was quiet within the little city that slumbered by the silvery waters. The great moon sailed with majestic splendor over the vaulted arch of heaven.

Within his chamber, in the house of the merchant, Garcia, Rupert slept.

He knew not that two dark forms stood by his bedside, and that the wick of a little taper shed its dim light over the room, for the sleeper slept soundly.

One of the dark figures drew down the covering that hid the manly breast of Rupert, and there, on the reddish-tinted skin, in a strange line of blue, shone the mystic sign, a "Winged Whale!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 57.)

## The Iron-bound Chest.

BY M. O. ROLFE.

THERE were four of them—Mr. and Mrs. Cheyne, Grandma Hirl, and Mr. Fordyce—all sitting around the fire in the parlor. Just now they were talking of the morrow.

"And the plate?" broke in Mrs. Cheyne.

"What shall we do with the plate?"

"Yes, the plate," said Grandma Hirl.

"That plate's got to be carried to the bank in the morning; for I couldn't take a minute's comfort all night long if you were to go away and leave all that silver in the house!" I couldn't go to sleep for thinking of robbers, and I couldn't keep asleep for dreaming of thieves. Yes, Oliver, you must carry that plate to the bank, and have it locked up in the strongest safe there. Why, just think of the temptation to men in the housebreaking business! What should we do without our chest of plate—the heaviest and richest in the whole city?"

If Grandma Hirl had a weakness, it was for the family plate, which furnished her an everlasting subject of conversation. She delighted in telling every one that would listen to her interminable story how it had been presented to Sir Darcy Cheyne—a peer of England, as she was very fond of terming him—by Queen Elizabeth, and how it had been handed down from father to son, until it came at last into the possession of her son-in-law, Oliver Cheyne, a well-known broker in Wall street.

Two or three years previously the banker's family had been honored with a visit from Mrs. Cheyne's brother, Hiram Hirl, of the little village of G—, New Jersey.

which visit they proposed going on the morrow to return. They were to be from home but one night, yet they thought it expedient to place the family plate in safety and beyond the possibility of being disturbed by burglars.

"Yes," said Mr. Fordyce, in his turn.

"What will you do with the plate?"

He was the banker's younger brother, whom he employed as secretary and confidential clerk, and who had dropped in this evening to get his orders for the next day, ere Mr. Cheyne's departure on the iron-bound train.

Quietly Rupert rose from her side and retired a few paces. He judged rightly when he thought that the disguised maid would prefer to rise unaided.

Slowly the girl rose to her feet and passed her hand over her forehead with a bewildered air. Her system had not yet fully recovered from the effects of the terrible conflict that she had passed through.

"It is very heavy," said Mrs. Cheyne, "and not easily moved. I think it would be fully as safe in the great iron-bound chest."

"Oh my!" ejaculated the old lady. "I couldn't sleep a wink all night long—and everybody knows that the Cheyne plate is the heaviest in all New York."

"I think there will be no great danger," interrupted Mr. Cheyne, addressing his younger brother. "We shall be absent one night."

"There can be no possible danger," said Mr. Fordyce. "You can lock the plate in the iron-bound chest; and, if you wish it, I will stay here to-morrow night. I doubt not John and I are capable of taking care of one chest of plate, eh, John?" and Mr. Fordyce nodded carelessly toward sturdy John, who had just entered the room.

"Yes, Mr. Fordyce," said the serving-man, turning short around and facing the company; "I guess we can guard the silver. I will do my share toward it—that is, if you will stay here and bear me company; but I wouldn't dare undertake it alone."

"I shall gladly stay, if you wish it," rejoined Mr. Fordyce, turning again toward his brother.

"It would oblige me greatly if you could make it convenient to do so," was the reply. "Grandma seems somewhat timid as far as the plate is concerned."

"I will stay," said Fordyce, rising and walking away, "Haven't you any further orders before I go?"

"Nothing more, I believe—only you may leave the bank early and come up here. Not that I think the plate is in any danger but grandma and John may feel more secure if they know there is some one at hand on whom they can call if anything occurs to alarm them."

A few minutes later Mr. Fordyce bade his brother's family good-night, and walked away, down the street, in the direction of his hotel.

Had the banker suspected what thoughts ran riot in his brother's mind at this moment, he would scarcely have made such arrangements as he had for the safe keeping of his valuable property.

"Yes," said Mr. Fordyce, walking onward with downcast eyes and hands thrust deep down in his pockets. "I will do it! It was an unjust will that deprived me of my share of my father's property, giving it all to him, because there is five years difference in our ages, and that difference in his favor. The family plate is worth ninety thousand dollars. With ninety thousand dollars I can leave New York and America and live out the remainder of my life in France and England. I could wish no better opportunity than this, which is to place all of the Cheyne plate in my hands. Why should I not improve it? I have lived long enough as a poor, half-paid clerk—a hirseling, dependent on the bounty of my own brother. I will try the life of a gentleman of fortune!" He paused a moment, and then continued:

"There is no one to oppose me—no one—but an old man and an old woman. They had better sleep soundly, and I think they will—chloroform will make them rest. I will not be foiled." The lives of one cowardly serving-man and an old woman shall not stand between me and the possession of riches! Oh, I shall roll in gold! The rich will flatter, and the poor shall fawn to me! I shall roll in gold!"

The banker and his wife left on the early morning train, little dreaming of the tragic event that was to transpire at their home before the dawn of another day.

Grandma Hirl spent the day in eying every passer-by suspiciously from her station behind the red curtains of the parlor windows, and discoursing to John of the family plate, which she visited four or five times during the day, returning to her seat in the great easy-chair much relieved at finding the iron-bound chest securely fastened and the door closed with a key.

Just before night began to gather her dusky shadows over the city, Mr. Fordyce drove a cart up a secluded alley, and, arriving at the rear of his brother's house, tied his horse to a ring in the wall, directly under one of the windows looking out of the room in which the chest had been placed. Then he went away, around a square, and ascending the marble steps before the same building, gave the door-bell two or three violent jerks.

This summons was answered after a lapse of nearly five minutes by Grandma Hirl in person, who opened the door, timorous, and peered out through the crack to assure herself that there was not a burglar seeking admittance.

"Oh! so it is you, Mr. Fordyce," she said, opening the door far enough for him to enter, and then shutting it to with a bang. "I had begun to fear that you had been dead at the bank and could not come."

"I think," said Mr. Fordyce, "that I had better look to the plate before settling down for the evening."

"It's all right, Mr. Fordyce," said the old lady, in her own voluble way; "for I've been in to see it five times to day, and I hardly think that any one, however daring, would venture after it by daylight; though I must say the temptation is tremendous, it had better look to the plate before settling down for the evening."

"I

## THE Saturday Journal

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## Foolscap Papers.

## A Romaunt.

The soft beams and rafters of the translucent. May sun slipped through the apple leaves overhead, and re-gilded the brass hair of Seraphina as she stood, a head and two ears above her lover, in the garden this beautiful and effulgent morning in May, with the flowers in bloom and all that sort of thing. His conversation for the last hour had been concise and entertaining; he had remarked, "It is a nice morning," accompanied by a conventional cold in the head, which was very expressive. Being heroically bashful, our hero didn't waste himself in words, though he loved Seraphina with a love which morning hash had no visible effect upon.

At length he stooped and plucked a flower, and presented it to her, saying, "Seraphina, accept this delicate white flower as ad eblom ob my luv. I do nod know ids poedical nabe, ad I hab nod Vick's catalogue near me."

"Ah, yes," she said, through her lips—not being used to talking through her nose—"it is a fragile and aromatic Jimson." We pause. If any one is affected to tears over this tender scene, let him affect.

We take up the cotton thread of this narrative, and proceed:

"Seraphina," said he, "how madly persons are you engaged to be married to?"

"Only seven," she replied, with maidenly grace.

"Then, would you consent to marry me?" said he, with tears and a small sty in his eyes.

"Would you have me blast the hopes of the others?" she asked.

"Oh, blast de oders!" and here his feelings gave way, and he seated himself on a rustic bench, which also gave way, and he suddenly found himself reclining among roses—and briars, with a terrific attack of the scratches. He rose to his feet. Her smile was serene; his was ghastly. Just then a tremendous orange-peel of tempestuous thunder, accompanied by an instantaneous flash of double-bolted, red-hot lightning broke from the skies, and, when she looked around, young Absalom was gone, and though she hunted for him all day with a fine tooth-comb, she failed to find him; but he was found, late in the evening, in the alley, greatly overcome by *tonics*.

What a terrible warning all this should be to fellows who love girls taller than themselves!

Seventy-eight years after the foregoing took place, the youth stood beside the same young lady upon a cliff overhanging the murmuring sea, with the sky, as is generally the case, above their heads.

Perhaps you think that age had written its autograph on their brows, and that they wore false teeth by this time? But, no so; such thoughts are slander.

She allowed him to take her hand, and also seven rings which were on her finger—the tokens of the seven suitors whom she wedded, they having lived to suit her, also died to suit her. He printed a kiss on that hand with a Hoe cylinder press, saying, "It almost seems to me that I have waited some time to ask you again for this hand. Ahem, shall I keep it now?"

"What is your salary?" asked she.

"Ahem, six dollars a week on a tailor's bench," he answered, while a smile and some freckles overspread his features. At this she frowned upon him gloomily, which caused him to shrink to less than one-half his size, and his feet slipping at the same time, he fell over the precipice and was dashed to pieces on the cruel adamantine rock, a thousand feet below.

She gave a slight scream; he happened to hear it, and immediately recollecting himself, began to climb up the perpendicular cliff, but it was like climbing a smooth brick wall. Faint from the loss of his life, while about half-way up, his senses swam, his finger-nails gave out; he saw he was about to fall again, but didn't lose his presence of mind, for he hurried down and prepared a soft place to fall upon, and when he fell his fall was broken thereby, but nothing else was broken.

She, watching him from above, fainted, and rolled off the edge of the cliff, but, when half-way down, she caught herself up by the hand and lifted herself up again; then she flew to his rescue, without wings, and saved him, although the tide, rising suddenly, drowned him three times before she reached him.

Going home together, she consented to marry him.

But, it came to pass that, even while he was engaged in remodeling his old coat and vest for the happy occasion, that a pair of patent-leather boots came that way, with a better looking man in them than he was, and stole her heart without being arrested for theft, and even went so far as to marry her.

Heartbroken by this last blow, our hero cut his throat from ear to ear, but, as that failed to make him feel any better over it, he sewed it up again, and concluded that he would not feel so discouraged over it, as it might have been worse, but would exercise a little patience, although a fellow's intended marrying another fellow would almost be expected to put him out of heart, at least to some extent.

But, before another thirty-five years circled away, and while yet in the bloom of youth, they were wedded. So, you see, if he had given her up he never would have married her, and this exciting story, so thrillingly told, should teach young men that where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise, or that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, or that temperance is better than gold, or that chickens, scented with pot-pie, are to be preferred, and many other valuable morals of that sort.

This is the end of this narrow-tive.

Yours, finely,  
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## NOBODY'S CHILDREN.

Walking along the street, a poster stared at us from a dead wall. The line, "NOBODY'S CHILDREN," in bold type, caught our eye. It was the advertisement of a lecture. A strange subject, and one that few know or care anything about. Yet, whenever we walk the streets, Nobody's children haunt our steps; their shrill cries ring in our ears.

The first one we meet is a bootblack; a grim little urchin, with his dirty face, piny form and ragged clothes. Over his shoulder he swings a box, containing the tools of his trade. His eyes are bright, quick; like the eyes of a rat. To a certain extent he resembles that animal, ever ready to crouch, fight or run.

How eager is his salutation:

"Black yer boots, boss? Shine 'em up nice—only five cents; jes lemme shine 'em up!" "Interview" the bootblack. His story is a simple one, and quickly told.

"Never had a father, boss, as I knows on. Mother used to live down in Cherry street; she took in washin', she did. She got drunk, and they sent her up to the Island; never seed her no more, I did;

she's gone dead."

All rattled off carelessly; the imp would show more signs of grief at the loss of a box of blacking. But, blame not the boy. He never knew what a home was, while his mother lived; the wretched basement in Cherry street was but a place where at

night he crept to sleep, when the bitter cold drove him from the streets.

You, who live in comfortable houses, surrounded by loving friends, can have but little idea how dreadful it is never to have known the meaning of the little word, *home*.

The next urchin we meet is a newsboy, "crying his paper, gayly," as the song says. But the word "gayly," applied to the cry of the boy, is a hollow mockery.

Even in the hoarse cry of the lad we detect a wail of remonstrance against the oppression of the world—against the terrible, unseen enemy, whose weapons, contempt and want, are crushing the life out of him, little by little.

The rat at bay will turn and fight. Why should we blame nobody's children for following the rat-like instinct which the world's oppression has created in their natures?

The other day, in one of our city courts, a lad, hardly high enough to look over the railing of the prisoner's box, was accused of stealing some little article, of trifling value, from a show-case in front of a store. The judge heard the complaint, looked into the tearful face of the child, and asked the owner if he hadn't better withdraw the complaint and give the little fellow another chance.

"No," promptly replied the world's representative. His creed was: no mercy to Nobody's Children!

"Then I will," said the humane judge, quietly; "you may go, boy."

Which was the better, the wiser course to adopt—to send the boy to jail, there to learn how to tread the devious paths of crime from hardened villains, or to give the infant—he was little more—a chance to lead an honest life?

On a car, the other day, coming down town, a conductor kicked a newsboy off the platform. What was the offense committed by the boy? The answer is easy. He was trying to sell his papers; trying to make an honest living; striving to keep the wolf from the door, his soul from crime.

A good horsewhip applied by a strong master to the shoulders of the brute of a conductor, would have been a fitting reward for his cowardly act.

Mercy, gentle reader, for Nobody's Children!

Give them a helping hand whenever you can. A few pennies—not sweet—but given for value received, may save a human life—nay, more: a human soul!

## FISHING.

ALL boys have a natural *penchant* for piscatory excursions, and from the time they arrive at the dignity of jacket and trowsers they tease their mothers to let them go fishing. I used to have a notion that way, myself, when I was a little girl, (it is not quite a hundred years since) and from the time I stood on a stranded log in the river's edge, and watched my brother, with a tiny hook and line, fishing for minnows in the shady pools, where the water stood almost stagnant.

I tried it then, and sat on a log that was half in and half out of the water, in the shade of the overhanging trees, dropped my hook in exactly as Archie told me to—very quietly, so as not to scare the fish—and tried to sit still, as he solemnly assured me a half dozen times was necessary to success; but, oh! what hard work it was! The leaves rustled so softly, as if talking to me, and the tadpoles made such frantic dives in and out among the slender water plants, appealing every other moment to my curiosity and interest in herpetology, and the frogs and birds showed themselves totally depraved by placing such temptations in my way as rendered it perfectly impossible for me to sit still long enough to get a "bite." I think I never caught a minnow, though I tried many times, but I caught a tiny bass, about three inches long, once, and looked persistently down the river without seeing any thing before me, while I nervously waited for my brother to remove it from the hook. That I could not do, and the sight of the gaping hole in its mouth, where the cruel hook caught it, effectively destroyed my appetite for fishing for the time being.

But bad habits, once lost, will sometimes return. And so, a few years after, when Uncle D—proposed a fishing excursion to myself and sister, we were eager enough to go. I confess that the thoughts of the woods and flowers, the rippling lake, and pure white lily-pads, that I knew decked its bosom, influenced me more than the thought of fishing; still, I imagined it would be pleasant to actually catch fish, as I was assured I could, if I would "keep still." I wasn't quite sure about doing that, however.

The lake was calm, and the boat lay in a tiny bay just large enough to hold it, fast by a rusty chain to one of the overhanging alders. Yes, there was the boat, but no paddles. It was used in common by all the neighborhood, and the paddles were hidden somewhere in the undergrowth. I assisted in the search for a time, but the woods of the woods and flowers, the rippling lake, and pure white lily-pads, that I knew decked its bosom, influenced me more than the thought of fishing; still, I imagined it would be pleasant to actually catch fish, as I was assured I could, if I would "keep still." I wasn't quite sure about doing that, however.

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woods and flowers, the rippling lake, and pure white lily-pads, that I knew decked its bosom, influenced me more than the thought of fishing; still, I imagined it would

## MAN.

BY C. A. M.

The human heart—that lofty thing!  
The palace sits the throne;  
Where reason sits, a sceptered king,  
And breathes his judgment tone.  
Oh! who with silent step shall trace  
The borders of that haunted place,  
Nor in his weakness, own  
That mystery and the human mind.  
The human heart—that restless thing!  
The tempter and the tried;  
The joyous, yet the suffering—  
The source of pain and pride!  
The gorged—throned—the desolate,  
The seat of love and hate—  
Soul-stirring, self-forgetful!  
Ye do we bless thee as thou art,  
Thou restless thing—the human heart!  
The human soul—that startling thing!  
Mysterious and sublime,  
The angel sleeping on the wing  
Worn by the scoffs of time—  
The beautiful, the valied, the bound,  
The crimsoned, the heavily-crowned,  
The stricken in its prime!  
From heaven, in tears, to earth it stole,  
That startling thing—the human soul!  
And this is man! Oh! ask of him,  
The gifted and forgiven—  
While o'er his vision, drear and dim,  
The wrecks of time are driven:  
If pride or passion, in its power,  
Can hold the human soul an hour,  
Or stand in place of heaven?  
He bends the bough, he bows the knee,  
Creator, Father! none but thee!

## Strange Stories.

## THE MOORISH PEARL.

BY AGILE PENNE.

BATHED in the gloomy beams of the midday sun, the walls of Montril cast their dark shadows on the blue waters of the summer sea.

All within the little village was peace and rest.

The clock had marked the hour of noon, when into the village rode a little troop of horsemen. Their burnished arms, their warlike habiliments, and bronzed faces, told that they were soldiers of the king.

The troops numbered some eighteen men, and were led by a single officer.

To the questions of the villagers, who flocked out of their houses to gaze upon the novel sight, the soldiers answered that they were on their way to join their regiment at Granada.

And on one of the good citizens, more curious than wise, expressing his wonder at the course of the soldiers leading through Montril, much out of the direct line, the officer in command of the soldiers answered, gruffly, "That he never knew any one to lose any thing by minding his own business."

The citizen took the hint and retired.

The soldiers took possession of the little inn, and the village resumed its wonted quietness.

The officer in command of the soldiers sat down at a little table, placed under the branches of an olive tree, and, with the aid of a bottle of wine, proceeded to make himself comfortable.

Then a single horseman, wrapped in a heavy cloak—although the heat of the sun was intense—rode into the village. The stranger, who was a dark-browed, sallow-faced man, with a military bearing, sat down at the table, opposite the officer.

A single glance the two gave at each other.

"Pedro, by my soul!" the stranger cried.

"Miguel Alvarez, as I'm a sinner!" the officer replied.

The two men flung themselves into each other's arms; then, again, resumed their seats.

"Death of my life!" cried the stranger, "but I'm glad to see you, old comrade!"

"Tis long years since we have met," replied the officer.

"Yes; by the way, what are you?"

"Ensign in the Musketeers of Santiago," the officer replied, with a sigh; "hard fortune and I have gone hand in hand. I'm nothing but a poor devil of a soldier. Just now, I am in command of a squad of eighteen men, ordered here to this village on some duty. I know not what, but I am to meet a certain person here from whom I receive my orders."

"Exactly; I am that person," said the other, with a quiet smile.

"You?"

"Behold!" And the stranger drew a parchment from his pocket and gave it to the soldier. The parchment bore the royal seal.

The officer raised his hat respectfully at the sign of the king's seal.

"I am at your orders, señor," he said.

"Tush, man!" cried the stranger, reproachfully; "no serenos between you and I, old friend. If fortune has smiled on me and kept you in the shade, that is no reason why we should forget that we were once comrades in the tented field, shared the same bed, drank from the same cup, true brothers in arms. You have heard of Miguel, the Monk?"

"Yes, the terrible agent of the Inquisition; the man who is almost as powerful as the king himself."

"Precisely; I am he!"

"Is it possible?" cried the soldier, in wonder.

"Quite," replied Miguel, smiling. "Chance threw me in the way of the men who are at the head of the dreaded Inquisition. With the quickness of genius, they saw that I was the very man they wanted; I entered their service; little by little I crept upward, until, at last, the servant became the master."

"But you are no monk."

"Devil a bit!" cried Miguel, laughing; "tis but a name that the good citizens have given me, because I commonly wear this sable cloak. But, now to business. You and your troopers are to obey my orders."

"To the letter."

"Good; now I'll reveal to you what object brings Miguel, the monk, to the fishing village of Montril. It's the old story, love and a woman. A woman, you know, is always at the bottom of all mischief in this world. If you remember, some three years ago our gracious king issued an edict banishing the Moors from Spain. All that remained after a certain time were doomed to die, unless they renounced their religion and became good Christians."

"Yes, I remember; but the edict is no longer enforced."

"But it still exists."

"Does the king intend to again drive the Moors forth?"

"The king, no; Miguel, the monk, yes."

When I say the Moors, I mean one Moor, and she, the fairest pearl that e'er that dusky race owned." The eyes of the stern-faced Spaniard gleamed with a strange light. "Listen, and you shall understand. I met this girl, four years ago, when I first entered the service of the Inquisition. She was the fairest maid that ever my eyes looked upon, although a daughter of the accused Moslem race. Even now, when I think of her, it sends the hot blood dancing in every vein. This terrible edict, which banished the Moors, drove her from me. For four years I have vainly searched for her. But, at last, my patience is rewarded. I have discovered her hiding-place. She and her brother, a Moor, named Omar, with some others of the outcast race, are occupying a few huts, a half-dozen miles from here, where a spur of the Sierra runs into the sea. The huts near a large cave are used, I think, as a smuggler's haunt. I will visit the Moors to-night, pretending to be a traveler who has lost his way. You will follow me and surround the Moors. If the girl accepts my love, well and good; I will bear her away, and leave the rest in peace. If she refuses, at a given signal you will advance with your men and capture all. I have determined that the girl shall be mine—if not by fair means, then by foul."

The two then repaired to the inn to arrange the details of their plan.

From the branches of the olive tree dropped a lad, whose dusky features told that the Moorish blood flowed in his veins.

With stealthy steps he left the village, gained the mountain's side, and disappeared amid the trees that crowned the spurs of the Sierra.

When the shades of night were descending upon the earth, a stalwart man, clad in a monkish garb, descended the rocky path that led to the sea-shore close to the cave, known to the peasantry for miles around as the Devil's Mouth, and reputed to be the hiding-place of a bold and daring gang of smugglers.

Close to the mouth of the cave clustered a few rude huts.

By the door of one of the huts sat a young girl. The fashion of the dress that she wore, as well as her jet-black eyes, hair—lustrous as the raven's wing—and rich olive complexion, told that she was a daughter of the outcast race, the banished Moors. It was the girl spoken of by the dark-faced Spaniard—Ayola, sometimes called the Moorish Pearl.

The monk explained that he was a stranger to the intelligence brought by the Spaniard lad, and the timely arrival of the Devil's Mouth, and the Pearl was saved.

The moon went down, the Moors fled from the hills of Montril forever.

In the smuggler's lugger they sought peace and safety across the sea, in the land of the Crescent.

The monk explained that he was a stranger to the intelligence brought by the Spaniard lad, and the timely arrival of the Devil's Mouth, and the Pearl was saved.

The soldiers rose from their ambush, only to receive a deadly fire from the concealed Moors.

Brief was the struggle. Miguel fell by a pistol-shot through the head, fired by Omar's hands, and the Spaniards fled in wild confusion.

Thanks to the intelligence brought by the Spaniard lad, and the timely arrival of the Devil's Mouth, and the Pearl was saved.

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## SATURDAY JOURNAL.

"Beyond a doubt, the handwriting would be mistaken for that of Calvert Herndon."

"But, aside from that—what have you done? When have you decided the funeral shall take place?"

"It must be to-morrow. Herndon lies in a trance, produced by some powerful drug. What that drug is, I am at a loss—"

"Come, you might as well stop that nonsense. It won't do, murderer of Calvert Herndon, it won't do!"

"Calvert Herndon is not dead."

"No matter; the crime is the same. Attempt to restore him if you dare. You aimed a blow at his life, meant to kill him. You are guilty, and *I can prove it!*" and Brandt shrunk coweringly before this forcible speech. "But go on. What arrangements have you perfected?" continued the Englishman.

"The reason I say the burial must take place to-morrow is, if not then, Herndon will recover without medical aid."

"Devil! This is unlucky. We must be prompt. Have you sent the notice of his death to any of the papers?"

"Yes. I dispatched a man a few minutes since. The notice will be in time for the evening publications."

"Good. What time have you fixed?"

"Eleven A.M."

"I give you credit again. You are managing cleverly. You will gain a rich prize, doctor. We glide along smoothly, don't we, eh?"

"When are you going to place the perfect will in my hands?" asked the physician.

"Oh, as soon as possible. I have it all here. See?" He took a coat from his wardrobe, and extracted from the pocket the bits and pieces of the destroyed will. At sight of the confused jumble, Brandt cried:

"Why, man, that is useless! Nothing can be made of that. If this is your sole dependence, I fear you will disappoint me."

"Not a bit of it. I could write a new will altogether, if it suited me to do so. But it don't suit me. I prefer another way. Don't get uneasy. When I was a boy I used to astonish my companions by arranging Chinese puzzles that would baffle the fingers of a magician. Now, I am going to put this will together in the same way. It is not a very lengthy one."

Brandt looked at the Englishman, incredulously. The latter quietly proceeded to pull off his coat, and wheeling a chair up to the table on which he had deposited the fragments, leisurely set about his most difficult task.

"How long will this take you?" was the physician's inquiry, as he glanced at the torn, uneven slips, and squares, and crooked points that lay in a discouraging pile.

Hallison Blair looked at his watch. "Just noon," he said, contemplatively. "I'll get through by four o'clock; have half an hour to get to town, and nearly three hours left, in which to finish the business."

"Are you sure you will not fall in this?"

"Positive. But you must not engage my attention now! I am very busy. Lo, there's a start."

He fingered the pieces with inconceivable rapidity and precision; and Brandt saw, as he watched, first a letter fitted in, then two letters, then a word; more letters, another word; he was progressing fast, sure, much to his satisfaction.

He had made no idle boast. What would have seemed, to another, an insurmountable task, proved a light work, an easy work, pastime under his skill, patience, and ardent application. The looker-on marveled at the worker's aptitude.

In the midst of a deep silence came a summons at the door. The Englishman paused; the physician paled. The latter feared detection.

"Who's there; and what do you want?" interrogated Blair, composedly.

"If you please, sir," was answered from the outside, "the undertaker's waitin' in the parlor."

"You had better see him," turning to Brandt.

Without delay the physician arose and left the room, following the servant downstairs.

Hallison Blair, having locked the door, returned to the table and his work.

Piece after piece he took up; piece after piece he laid down; piece after piece he placed in its proper position; line after line, slowly, perfectly, readably formed itself. He labored on persistently. Moments passed; an hour; two hours passed; the lines multiplied; his fingers were busy, his eyes were busy, his mind was busy; he perished; was determined, confident. As he applied himself the more closely, he became the more satisfied; that was plainly visible in his face.

He had predicted rightly in two things; first, he could perform what he had promised; second, he could have it done by four o'clock.

The last small corner of the parchment was adjusted; he started up, uttered a sigh of relief, an exclamation, drew forth his watch. It was half-past three.

"Fortunate! Now this is fortune. I have worked, and achieved my aim. I am first lucky, and then fortunate. Combine the two, and they are carpenters and builders of triumph."

He pulled the bell-rope, unlocked the door, and waited. A servant soon appeared, to whom he gave the order:

"Have the black horse, 'Comet,' that was the especial pride of Mr. Herndon, brought around to the front door immediately."

"Saddle, or buggy, sir?"

"Saddle. Be quick," and as the man departed, he turned to a closet, and took therefrom a bottle of gum arabic. Then, laying a sheet of Bristol board upon the table, he carefully transferred the adjusted will, piece by piece, to it. He exercised great care, occupying nearly the whole half hour, before four o'clock, and when this second feature was ended, he held up the final result at arm's length, and regarded it. "All right," he commented, laying it in a larger book. Then he redressed his coat, took up the book, and quitted the apartment. In the large hall he met the undertaker, who was going back to the city for some trifling necessary, leaving his assistants in charge of the supposed corpse. Blair saluted him pleasantly, remarking upon the weather and other unimportant topics, and the two went out together to the front of the house.

The undertaker's wagon was there, and also the horse, ordered by the Englishman.

"As we go in each other's company," said Blair, "I would suggest that you permit me to order a horse for you. It will be much more pleasant than if you rode in your wagon. Shall I call the groom?"

"Oh, yes; certainly. If it won't incon-

veniences you," bowed the boxer of dead bodies.

The second horse was brought, and the two men vaulted into the saddles.

At this juncture, Doctor Brandt came out of the house, and Blair paused as he saw the former desired a word with him.

"Did you succeed?" questioned the physician, in a whisper, resting one hand on the pommel of the saddle, and leaning forward so that the Englishman's companion might not catch their dialogue.

"Oh, I had no idea there could be aught to detain you, that's all," and the shoulder shrugged, and the lips smiled, sarcastically.

"Naught to detain me, sir! What do you mean? Is it not natural that I should wish to see Pauline?"

"I don't see that it is. Did you imagine to meet her here? Have a cigar."

He produced his cigar-case and extended it to his rival, maintaining nonchalant composure. Victor was angry. He thrust Blair's hand aside. He neither liked nor feared the man, and the Englishman's speech contained an insult to his hot nature.

The blood mantled to his cheeks as he said:

"I don't see that it is. Did you imagine to meet her here? Have a cigar."

"In what respect?"

"Your words."

"Well, I shall do so. When I said that a wish on your part to see Miss Herndon was insufficient to detain you, I meant that you had no right to see her."

"No right to see her!"

"Precisely; and for the reason that she is the affianced of another!"

"Affianced of another! Impossible! Who?"

"Your obedient servant—me."

Victor looked at him incredulously. "I say that you have attempted to win Pauline Herndon," he said presently, "and what ailed me?"

"I am not a fool, doctor. I possess tell me you are a man who would not hesitate to employ base means. But you have failed. Pauline is mine."

"No, she is not," asserted Blair, calmly; "she is mine."

"Yours? Preposterous! Mr. Herndon, were he dead, approved an engagement between his daughter and myself."

"Since which time, and also before his death, he very wisely changed his mind. He concluded it would be more to his daughter's interest, to wed an equal and not an inferior; that equal is myself, Lord Hallison Blair, a gentleman of rank."

"It's a base lie! Mr. Herndon was not a man to stoop to duplicity. He was too noble to cherish thoughts that would crush the hopes he gave Pauline and I. I do not believe it."

"You will, perhaps, be compelled to realize it. And let me suggest that your tongue be stronger chained when it leaps to give the lie."

"If you assert this thing, I say you lie—lie basely, and insult three persons: first, the dead father of her whom you also insult by daring to call yours; and third, me, for you couple falsehoods in your language that an honorable man would scorn. I do not fear you. Though you be a peer to the haughtiest monarch in all Europe, here, in America, I am your equal in title, your superior as a man."

"Ha!"

"Ay, you hear and understand. I do not believe this tale. There is something behind it that will not bear scrutiny. You start! You have concocted some vile plot to oblige me to Pauline. I read that in your eye. It will not remain long unexposed. The eyes of love are keen. If aught exists unworthy the approval of a true gentleman, I shall ferret that unworthiness out."

Blair paled slightly. Victor continued:

"As I passed the coffin to-day, to take a last look at Mr. Herndon, I saw upon his lips, which were bloodless as those of a corpse, a moisture. It was scarce perceptible, yet apparent. I suspect that Mr. Herndon, this very instant, breathes the air of a grave, while yet of this life. I mean to have my suspicion verified or denied by an examination. I feel sure that my suspicions are well founded; and if so, then we'll see if what you say is true."

During this speech, the pallor which had been with constant weeping; the rosy flush of her cheeks was faded; the whole expression of her face—a face that once had beamed with all the light of a happy heart—was changed to that of woe.

She had frequently wondered, as she sat alone weeping, why Victor did not come near her. His continued absence, while it seemed strange, was also productive of another pang. What could account for his remaining away? She could not answer, and as she marveled she grieved the more.

And so the days dragged by; the load of mourning became heavier.

In the time that had elapsed since Calvert Herndon's burial, the two schemers accomplished much toward furthering the stability of their position.

The will Hallison Blair had promised should be ready at the proper moment, came promptly from the lithographer, who was sworn to secrecy ere he received his pay; and Doctor Brandt experienced a feeling of security when he glanced over the parchment. It was perfect: no flaw, mistake nor difference from the genuine chirography was discernible; and when the document was read in court and Brandt was recognized by law as Calvert Herndon's executor, without bond, he inwardly rejoiced—thereafter, his life was to be one of luxury, ease, comfort, without effort or toil.

One day Pauline received a message from Hallison Blair to the effect that he wished to see her in the drawing-room. Up to this time, he had not imposed his society upon her, and she felt grateful. Now he wished to speak with her—of what?

She trembled with doubts, yet resolutely turned to the fate in store; she easily surmised what was coming, and endeavored to calm her nerves, to dry her tears, to prepare for the pending ordeal, the inevitable—inevitable, because she had thought maturely upon the wishes of her dead father, as set forth in the letter shown her by Hallison Blair, and concluded that in duty she was bound to follow the dictates of the departed one, no matter how severe the trial.

She descended to the parlor, where were seated the Englishman and Doctor Brandt.

"We regret to have called you from the solace of solitude, Pauline," spoke Blair,

"but it is time that I touched upon the subject of our marriage. As I propose returning to England immediately, the sooner our wedding is solemnized the better."

"So soon!" she exclaimed, in a low voice, full of surprise.

"It is soon," he acknowledged, speaking mildly, as if the tone he used was previously studied, "yet, it is necessary. I have received letters which call me back to my home in London, and as I can not go without you, I think we had best be married before we start; don't you?"

"And now we are in a dilemma. What shall we do with the body?"

"I see but one course. Wait a moment."

He glided abruptly from the arbor, and Brandt was left alone with their victim.

"All's well that ends well," he said.

"What are you going to do?"

"We must take him to the cellar and bury him. There will be no difficulty in that; the earth is not hard; besides, I remember Mr. Herndon set out some fruit trees this spring, and the box they came in is in the cellar, for I have seen it there. Do you hesitate?"

"Hesitate? No. This body must be got rid of, and the plan you suggest is the only one which appears possible."

"Take hold then; we'll get in by the earth-door, and no one will see us."

The two men lifted Victor Hassan and bore him away.

Entering the cellar by the back outside

"I heard that you had come to the house, and gone away," continued Blair. "Why should you remain here?"

"And why not?" was the quick rejoinder, and the young man flashed a steady gaze upon the other.

"Oh, I had no idea there could be aught to detain you, that's all," and the shoulder shrugged, and the lips smiled, sarcastically.

"Naught to detain me, sir! What do you mean? Is it not natural that I should wish to see Pauline?"

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"I don't see that it is. Did you imagine to meet her here? Have a cigar."

"In what respect?"

"Your words."

"Well, I don't mind. I propose to furnish you a lithographed copy."

"Are you sure?—are you positive there will be no—"

"No danger? Yes—certain. Money goes, without fail, to the furtherance of all objects, you know. I have arranged, by bribery, with a lithographer, to get me up a true copy of the will. He said the 'job' was so delicate that he would require time. I could not do otherwise than grant it. As soon as he has it ready, he will place it in my hands."

"How deep, deep, deep we are getting!"

He advanced, and twining an arm round her waist, imprinted a kiss upon her unwilling lips. It was done ere she divined his intention, and though she could not prevent his action, she recoiled from his embrace as if the touch were pollution.

"I—I—I will endeavor to be ready by to-morrow," she said, drawing back. "At what hour must I be torn from the dear old Home Mansion?"

"At precisely twelve—noon. We can then be married in time to catch the evening train for New York, and be aboard ship by ten o'clock day after to-morrow. One reason why I am in such haste is, the vessel sails on the day and at the hour named."

"I will be ready," and with this she walked slowly from the parlor, struggling hard to restrain the gushing tears.

"So soon! To-morrow!"

"A few hours more and she would bid adieu to the loved spot endeared to her from childhood; enter a new field in life; be surrounded by strange faces; hear strange voices; with no friends save her husband and the physician—the first a man she could never love; the latter, one whose villainous hypocrisy she had yet to learn both of them friends that were not friends, but enemies whose natures warped to diabolical tendencies."

She left all arrangements to her waiting maid, a girl who knew well how to please the taste of her mistress, and then, when night came, retired to her couch. Her head did not press the pillow to seek repose. Her mind was too busy, too loaded, too agonized to admit of slumber.

The next day brought no cheer or gladness to her exhausted spirits. The bright sunshine, the caroling birds, the humming insects, the lovely flowers and freshly-blown rosebuds, all were lost in the one sole anxiety of thought. The warm light was joyless; the bird songs were as a funeral chant; the voice of the insects seemed as a death-watch.

The hour arrived—the dread hour in which she must take a farewell leave of the many charms and loved objects that clustered around her home. The last servant was dismissed, the house closed, and at twelve o'clock, Pauline was seated

borne slowly, further and further from her native land, she stood upon the deck, near the bulwarks, and a sigh, a hushed moan of anguish quivered over her lips.

When hauled to be seen save the sky above, and the waters beneath, and the riding, dancing ship, the last spark of hope seemed faded.

She was upon the broad ocean, going to London, the home of her unloved husband.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 59.)

## The Avenging Angels:

OR,

THE BANDIT BROTHERS OF THE SCIO.

A BORDER AND INDIAN TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT HUNTER," "QUEEN OF THE WOODS," ETC.

### CHAPTER XV.

THE SHAWNEE CAMP.

NEXT morning a heavy fog hung over the earth. A lurid, copper-tinted sky, reddened angrily as the sun rose struggling through the murky clouds. There was a cold gray mist over all nature, but, according to inviolable custom, no sooner did the hour come when chantecler should have sounded his shrill trump, than the whole camp was afoot—the lads collecting the scattered horses, the old women busying themselves around the fire preparing the early meal.

And now the cheerful sun, breaking all bounds and increasing in heat and power as it rises, scatters the rebellious clouds that would intervene between him and earth; the fog glides like a gauze veil from before a picture, the damp earth ceases to steam, and the day is magnificent.

The horses are now brought up, the baggage, including buffalo- robes, wigwam- coverings, pots and other cooking-utensils, are piled on the horses; while the tent-poles are fastened to the horses' sides, so that they project some four feet behind. Across these, shorter poles are placed, and certain bundles having been put thereon, the younger children are seated on the summit, and the march commences.

In front rode the aged warriors, who, despite their years, are quite ready to do battle for the young ones; on the skirt of the procession hover the striplings, who themselves will soon be warriors, anxious, by their alertness and sagacity, to win the confidence and applause of their elders.

Behind come a numerous and extensive group of women, consisting of the wives and daughters of the whole band. Before retiring to rest the Prairie Rose had learned from her sister that the Shawnees were on a joint hunting and war expedition which would extend over the whole season, and that the women, children and old men, after being kept in the rear for some considerable time, were now ordered up to join the warriors at a place they intended to be their permanent summer camp.

This intelligence rewarded Matata for all her troubles and sufferings, as she doubted not that it would give her affianced husband ample time to carry out all his designs.

As none of the party, save the men, knew when or where the two camps were to meet, the young Huron girl was still kept in a state of great anxiety.

On a gently sloping bank, close to where the stream already alluded to falls into a lake of moderate dimensions, the Shawnees had erected their encampment. On the rich green carpet and in the shade of the clustering trees the wigwams have been carefully erected; the fires send up blue clouds of smoke, that flashed among the forest branches in a thousand fanciful wreaths.

Suddenly some scouts came in, preceding the family camp by only a few moments.

The warriors, though in their secret hearts they longed to embrace their wives and little ones, sat sternly in a half-circle as they watched the new arrivals, who at once began unloading the horses to carry each their separate treasures to the wigwam of their lord and master, known by his *totem* being conspicuous on the painted buffalo-skins of which it was composed. In a few minutes the encampment had resumed its usual character, as if two months had not elapsed since the male and female portions had been separated.

The presence of Matata was at once noticed by Theoderigo, who, as the old men came, carelessly interrogated his father as to this addition to their young women. The aged warrior told him exactly what had happened, admitting her anger at the apostacy of Little Bear. The Black Hawk of the Shawnees bowed his thanks, perhaps to hide the covert smile which rose to his lips when he heard this part of the story.

But, no matter what his thoughts were, it was quite clear that the chief had marked the Prairie Rose down as his. The flash of his dark eyes spoke volumes.

By a kind of savage courtesy, which is singularly characteristic of the Indians, even when about to immolate their guests on the bloody shrine of vengeance, a tent somewhat superior the others had been provided for the white prisoners, and to this the younger sister, by directions of the chief, led her

Matata sent the girl in alone, her eyes being riveted on a spectacle which, for her, had the most intense and painful interest.

Before the tent, a little apart from intrusive observation, were the pale-face captives, Ette and the poor, demented Ella. Ella was seated on a log, in tolerably good humor with herself; all her vacant look had returned, and having spent some time collecting the favorite flowers of her happier days, she was now weaving them into garlands, one of which she had, with a light laugh, thrown upon her head.

Ette, half-kneeling at her feet, handed her flowers when she dropped them, glad to see her under her bereavement so easily and innocently amused.

Matata stood, spell-bound, watching them, for she knew the whole story.

Suddenly Ette looked up, and caught the expressive eye of the Indian girl fixed upon her with earnest sympathy. She nodded with girlish frankness, and then her sister, dropping her flowers, led her into the tent, where Matata followed her.

Two or three minutes later the younger sister came out, replenished the fire with sticks, which she collected by walking round the tent, and then proceeded to prepare a copious evening meal. But, while apparently busy with her task, her ears were all attention, and her eyes glared into every bush, lest an eavesdropper should approach the tent.

The Robbers of the Scio, where are they?

There is already mutual distrust between the Shawnees and their white allies, who, however, stifle the bitter resentment they feel at having the girls in the sole custody of the red-skins. Theoderigo, in what appeared a most straightforward and manly way, has told them that the sisters are welcome to his wigwam until such time as their ransom is paid; that to separate them is impossible, as the services of the gentle one are essential to the safety and comfort of the feeble one.

"My brothers may rest content," he said, gravely smoking his pipe; "the pale-face maidens shall be treated as my daughters, while the long-knives go seek the gold of the gray bear whom these girls call father."

Affecting a cordiality they did not feel, the five brothers retreated to their own camp, there to prepare, they said, negotiations with the chief of their white foes.

The position occupied by the ruffians was a hollow at the foot of a somewhat high bank, surrounded by unusually lofty trees, which fully concealed these men from their red-skin associates. In the center was a blazing fire of logs, over which, suspended by three poles, hung an iron pot, emitting a strong odor of flesh and fowl.

Round this, an hour later, the five Bandits sat eating their meal in moody silence, each man communing with his own thoughts, which, to judge from appearances, were of a character very far from pleasant. Still, to men of the world, the business in hand was of too great moment for them to waste time in words. They were, above all, sensualists, and not willing to disturb the enjoyment of their food by thinking of aught else.

But presently, having eaten very heartily, their tin cups were filled with grog, their pipes were lighted and smoked for some minutes, when Moses, the elder brother and chief, broke the long silence.

"A pretty mean, despicable skunk, this Shawnee, Black Hawk, has proved himself," he said. "I wish I may be eternally skewered if I don't have my revenge on the thieving, deceitful, lying varmint."

"He's got us pretty tightly fixed," replied Mike; "what ayre we to do?"

"Do?" continued Mo, in a tone of deep meaning. "Why, have the girls and the money, too. This Injine thinks himself mighty clever, and mighty cunnin', but if you're all of my mind, I'll riz his hair with them before his ugly-painted mug."

"How?"

"I'll tell you presently," continued Moses, "but I wish to observe that I means to give him a slight lesson. You saw that straight-limbed, clean-looking Injine gal, as came into camp and went and located with a white lass?"

All nodded.

"She'll do. There's four on 'em in the tent now, and that will be more yet. We must have 'em all, and if any of you see another one just chuck her in, and that'll make five."

The brothers laughed, and promised not to be very nice, though all knew that there was by no means a bad selection of girls in the Shawnee camp.

"For my part," said Mo, with a savage cry of execration and hate, "if we had but ten boys more, curse me if I'd leave him a girl or a hoof. As it is, this child means to have ten horses."

"We are all agreed," was the reply. A further conversation being, under the circumstances, considered useless, one by one, the ruffians of the Scio fell off into slumber.

Shortly after breakfast the five white men, equipped for a march, their rifles on their shoulders, their knapsacks strung on their backs, took a somewhat sulky leave of Theoderigo, engaging to be back with a bargain for the treasure in exchange for the girls, who then were to be freely given up to the white claimants.

Black Hawk willingly acceded to these terms, as, now that his mind was so bent upon Prairie Rose, he cared little for the pale-face squaws, so that they found him a hunting-camp, the fires send up blue clouds of smoke, that flashed among the forest branches in a thousand fanciful wreaths.

Suddenly some scouts came in, preceding the family camp by only a few moments.

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The Robbers of the Scio, where are they?

The lake was calm; not a ripple disturbed its glassy surface save the long wake in the rear of the deer itself, between which and the shore the canoe now lay. The animal saw his enemies, and struck out boldly, followed by the Solitary, who now, for the first time during the whole of that day, seemed roused. Great caution was needed to follow, their vessel being so crazy; but the canoe sat so lightly, not in but on the water, that a few strokes of the paddle showed that they were gaining on him. Now the animal doubled, and the hunter veered his canoe round again, to cut him off. Soosoma had his rifle ready, but he did not wish to shoot until the animal was near shore.

Away sped the deer, so swiftly as to require the Indian to strain every nerve to keep up. Little Bear, too, despite the big drops of sweat that chased one another down his face, worked with might and main, several times almost itching to snatch the rifle from Soosoma, and fire at the terrified animal himself. But they are coming up, despite the old saying that "a stern chase is a long chase," coming up so quickly that, had it availed anything, they could have touched the animal's tail.

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A low cry checked him, and he saw Little Bear standing close to him in the water, shaking his head and pointing to his own forehead.

The Huron started back with a wild and alarmed mien.

"What mean you, brother of the Prairie Rose?" he cried.

"The Manitou had long since taken his spirit to him; he was but a body without a soul."

"Little Bear is but a boy," said Kenewa, in a saddened tone, "or Kenewa would be angry. But the Manitou will forgive, for Kenewa believed him to be a brave warrior. He must be buried."

They both entered the forest, and having selected a dell, where a fire could be safely made without being seen from the lake, soon had a clear blaze with scarcely any smoke, from dry and inflammable boughs.

As soon as it threw a clear and pleasant light, Kenewa proceeded to cut down first four hickory trees, which forked about seven feet from the ground. These he planted firmly in the ground: two within three feet of each other, the other two at a distance of six feet.

This done, the two proceeded to lay other poles lengthwise and then across, until a tolerably secure platform was made.

They then glided with noiseless steps down to the strand, and, after securing one or two articles which were required for a purpose we shall presently understand, they lifted the body and carried it to the dell. By standing on a stone, Kenewa, who was very powerful, lifted the corpse and laid it on what was supposed to be its last resting-place on earth, where it was safe from wolves and such-like prowlers. He then placed the brave's rifle, tomahawk and knife beside him, and over the whole he piled a heap of brush and briers to keep off the birds.

This done, with one glance heavenward, he asked for forgiveness for what appeared to him a sin, he seated himself beside the fire, and remained for some little time in meditation.

Suddenly Kenewa started as if from a dream, and addressed his young friend:

"Little Bear and Kenewa will fetch up the deer and take food, that they may feel like men in the morning; the canoe, too, must be concealed."

The deer was lifted ashore, the canoe carried bodily from the water to the shelter of some bushes, and both prepared once more to re-enter the scene of the forest.

"Wagh!" said Little Bear, in a low tone, and with all the caution of a veteran warrior, pointing at the same time out into the lake.

Kenewa followed the motion of his hand, and remained still.

"It is a raft," he said, "but who sails on the white water when the moon is shining?"

He stooped almost to the water's edge, lay down, both listening and looking at the same time across the lake.

The steady stroke of paddles, the low, hushed voices of men, were clearly heard, and Kenewa saw too the Five Bandits of the Scio River.

The canoe was again carried to the water, Kenewa put his rifle in the bottom, and the two Hurons began skirting the shore of the lake in the direction taken by those on the raft. This was done without fear of discovery, as the deep shadow of the trees made the water black within twenty yards of the shore, while all without was comparatively light.

The bandits moved but slowly, and Kenewa soon saw, in the direction of an island that screened them from all fear of discovery from the camp.

Te minutes later they were behind it, and then, bending low, the Huron heard their muffled oaths as they landed on the circumscribed oasis.

Without the slightest hesitation, Kenewa sent his canoe spinning over the waters in the direction of the island, which in ten minutes he reached, and leaving Little Bear alone, he waded ashore, and crept in close to the camp of the ferocious white men.

He found them cowering over a miserable fire, but amply supplied with food and drink. Evidently they were settled for the night.

"This here is no palace," said Mo, savagely, "but here I stays till I die if I don't find a chance to carry off the white girls, and that beauty of a Huron Black Hawk is so sweet upon—thunder!"

Kenewa shivered with rage, but by means of great self-command he recovered himself and stole away, one more weight of vengeance bearing down his heart. But he said not a word to Little Bear, simply sending the canoe as quietly as possible into the shadow of the trees, where its dark outline was at once lost in the general and increasing gloom.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 55.)

Kenewa gazed at him for a moment, then the water with that fierce longing, with that raging thirst that precedes death, he handed him his water-gourd, after himself dipping it into the placid lake.

The Shawnee drank greedily; his eyes all the while fixed on Kenewa's face with a fascination which was irresistible. He could not, even in that last moment, when the faculties seem to some unknown means to be for an instant bright and clear, understand the gentleness of the warrior. He strove to speak his thanks, but there was a gurgle in his throat, his eyes closed, and the struggle was over—the savage had drawn his last breath.

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